THE

TEMPLE

OF

PROSTITUTION.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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13

THE TEMPLE OF PROSTITUTION: A POEM.

DEDICATED TO THE

GREATEST *****

IN

HER MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

WRITTEN BY

A WOMAN OF FASHION.

" Away, away, away,
" To VENUS' Court repair,
" There night outſhines the day,
" There yields the melting fair.

" Haſte thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
" Jeſt, and youthful jollity;
" Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles;
" Nods, and becks, and wreathed ſmiles."

MILTON.

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M DCC LXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION

TO THE

GREATEST *****

IN

HER MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

MADAM,

IT is no ſmall conſolation to me, that I am unacquainted with your rank and title, and know not how to accommodate myſelf in this Addreſs—I wiſh to have no communication with you, ſenſible, though I am, that in the preſent day of general proſtitution, your intereſt muſt be great, and your recommendation highly favourable to every eaſy, complying female, you may be inclined to protect.—My walk in life ſecures me from dependance—I wiſh for no introducer into the circus of diſſipation—If I have tranſiently viſited the polite aſſemblies, of which you are the Modeler, the Conductreſs, and the Sovereign—I have acted a very humble part there, as the foil to the diamond—I have ſet off the ſuperior imperfections

of your Grace, your Ladyſhip, or what other appellation you may wear—I have, I own, ſhared in the follies and the vices of the ſame, but in a very ſmall proportion—the giddy thoughtleſſneſs of youth led me to feſtivity—the force of faſhion betrayed me into levity—and your example drove me into vice—But enough of egotiſm—The critic may laugh at the application of that term—but you, who are at the head of faſhionable life, know that a confeſſion of weakneſs, and a long enumeration of crimes, is the only *praiſe* that a lady can beſtow on herſelf, as the commiſſion of weakneſs and vice is the only virtue ſhe can poſſeſs.

I dedicate the TEMPLE of PROSTITUTION to you with peculiar propriety—you who are the PRIESTESS of the DEITY, know beſt what belongs to her worſhip—The votaries I have introduced are familiar to you—You have frequently been a ſpectator—an approver of—if you have not educated and aſſiſted them, in the art of devotion—For once then protect them, and ſanctify the attempt I have made to celebrate the rites of the Queen they profeſs to adore.

In the TEMPLE of PROSTITUTION as you ſpend your nights, feaſting on all the luxuries of devoted ſenſe—the tumults of paſſion—and the impurities of vitiated taſte: in the following poem you will find employment for the tedious, vacant, and taſteleſs hour of breakfaſt—when the nightly ſacrifice becomes the morning puniſhment, and you are paying the ſevere forfeiture of headach, and heartach, for the tranſports that end the inſtant they are felt. At that hour, ſerioufneſs may perhaps ſeize on your mind, when the following mirrour reflects upon your eye the errors of the night—A review of the objects, that pleaſe you when your heart

heart is involved in the whirlwind of deſire, in the moment of ſerioufneſs may awaken in your ſoul, thoughts conducive to repentance and amendment——

When the TEMPLE OF PROSTITUTION has anſwered that good end, I ſhall be ſatisfied to ſee it

" —————— diſſolve, and,
" Like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion,
" Leave not a wreck behind."

I am, MADAM,

Your ſerious Adviſer,

A Woman of Faſhion.

To

To the PUBLIC.

THE Author of the following piece, in one of thoſe melting moments propitious to the indulgence of Fancy, wandered, in idea, into the ISLAND of LOVE—She knows not whether *Paphos*, *Cytherea*, or *Idalia* was the happy place—But in the enchantment of her mind, the following ſcene preſented itſelf to her view—She gives it merely as a REVERIE in which ſhe found it—And ſhe hopes that while Gentlemen Authors are permitted to DREAM, a Lady Author may at leaſt be indulged in the RAVISHMENTS of FANCY.

THE

TEMPLE OF PROSTITUTION:

A

POEM.

" STAND forth, aſſociate fair! and greet
" (With glances, melting, as they meet
" The raviſh'd, raptured ſoul)—
" The band that own CYTHEREA's ſway;
" Devotion at her altars pay,
" And yield to her controul.

" With looſely-flowing lawn array'd,
" Be all thy beauteous charms diſplay'd
" Unto the ſons of earth:
" As erſt our all-ſubduing QUEEN,
" Riſing from the ſea, was ſeen,
" The inſtant of her birth.

" The taper limb—the ſnow-white breaſt,
" Heaving and panting to be preſt;
" The ſwimming, magnet eye;
" The lips, that quiver as they ſpeak,
" The flushing, roſe-enamel'd cheek,
" That emulates the ſky.

" With theſe, O ſiſter, ſtraight appear,
" And, with thy voice, enchant the ear
" Of liſt'ning, raptured Love!
" Mark how the anxious C——e * ſighs,
" Glows with deſire, pants, throbs and dies,
" To lead you to the grove.

" Can you reſiſt the potent POW'R,
" That leads us to the duſky bow'r,
" In melting, tim'rous mood;
" That cheriſhes the fond deſire,
" And makes each boſom feed its fire,
" And wiſh to be ſubdued.

* *The anxious C——e ſighs.*] The dexterity of his Lordſhip in this intrigue, is equal to the policy he diſplayed in his late negotiation, ſo luxurioufly panegyriciſed by his compatriot, the Governor. His trip to the continent was partly owing to his intrigue with this celebrated beauty. What a prodigy of love!—In the days of romance, it is true, the bold *Leander* nightly croſſed the buſtling Helleſpont to meet his *Heros:* but what is the Helleſpont compared to the Atlantic?—What the buſtling waves compared to a haughty congreſs?

" The

" The fire—that plays upon the heart,
" And ſpreads itſelf to every part,
" Reſiſtleſs, from the *centre:*
" The flames—that ever upward riſe,
" Break through the windows of the eyes,
" And rage from where they enter.

" With unbound zone, and greetings bland,
" Come then, and join the joyous band,
" That ſacrifice to Venus:
" Come, and lead th' enraptured train,
" And not with baſhfulneſs detain,
" And, from devotion, wean us."

They ſaid—methought, and lo! her Grace,
With triumph bounding in her face,
Advanced to hail the band:
The wild, and wanton, lawleſs route
Broke forth in one exſtatic ſhout,
And kiſs'd her lovely hand.

Now through the myrtle grove they roam,
And, ſtraightway, to the gorgeous dome
Their eager ſtep purſue;
Luſt tripp'd with Lewdneſs ſide by ſide;
While blandiſhment did well divide,
The minutes as they flew.

The gorgeous TEMPLE roſe on high,
Loſing its head within the ſky,
A perfect periſtile:
An hundred blazing altars ſhine,
A thouſand nymphs ſurround the ſhrine,
And grace the hallow'd ayle.

Emboſom'd in the myrtle grove,
The fit receſs of lawleſs love,
Fit haunt of wild delight;
Where in the covert, grot, or ſhade,
The ſecret bow'r for dalliance made,
They revel night by night.

Oh! for a Muſe of heavenly fire,
On whoſe ſtrong wing I might aſpire,
To paint th' Idalian * dome;
Then for ideas might I ſteer
My pinion'd flight from ſphere to ſphere,
And o'er all nature roam.

* *Th' Idalian dome.*] Fancy is the moſt licentious of all painters—He throws what figure and colouring he pleaſes on his objects, and here has been pleaſed to plant the Temple in Idalia. The reader, however, is left at liberty to tranſplant it to where he pleaſes—To Paphos—to Cytherea,—to Groſv—r Square,—Sta—Yard,—or K—g's Pl—e.

Then

Then ſhould the grand pavillions ſhine;
The pillars, made by hands divine;
The altars ſolid gold;
Then ſhould the cloth, of Tyrian woof,
That clad the floors—the walls—the roof,
Its well wove tales unfold.

But, forc'd to tread the humble plain,
Sooth, and ſimple be my ſtrain,
Aſſuming not to riſe:
Let Fancy ornament the ſcene,
Suit it to the PAPHIAN QUEEN,
The DOME of ſacrifice.

A ſhout proclaim'd the wanton throng,
The bounding dance—the choral ſong—
The ſport of phantaſy.
They pant—they throb—they glow with fire,
Their eyes dart ſparks of wild deſire,
Their cheeks of extaſy.

Foremoſt approach'd the ſplendid ſcene,
Eager to hail the beauteous Queen,
The *Marchioneſs* of C.
Preparing for the ſolemn rite,
Her boſom heaving with delight,
She bent th' adoring knee.

" *Goddeſs* of life and love!" ſhe cried,
" Who doſt o'er all our hearts preſide,
" The ſource of every joy!
" *Proſtrate*, thou know'ſt, I *fall*, each day,
" And ſtrain each nerve, my vows to pay,
" Thy tranſports to enjoy.

" Lind—y * the evidence will be,
" How oft I ſacrifice to thee,
" How fervent I adore,
" While, at thy font, I lave in bliſs,
" I ſtretch—I quiver on the kiſs,
" And ſink beneath thy pow'r.

" Grateful, I thank thy ſoft'ring care,
" For thou did'ſt, firſt, my breaſt prepare,
" For paſſions ſweet alarms.
" Soften'd by thee, I gave my ear,
" L—d—y's *moving tale* to hear,
" And melted in his arms.

* *Lind—y the evidence.*] The fervency of this lady's adoration is on record.

" His Grace now ſays, the Lady's touch,
" For his poor plant, was over much—
" It ſhrunk, and grew dejected."

" 'Twas

" 'Twas thou alone that taught my ſoul
" To feel---to own thy fond controul,
" And yield me to thy ſway:
" Now nightly, oh, thou pow'r divine!
" Byr—n † leads me to thy ſhrine,
" Devotion ſtrict to pay.

" Oh then ſmile and crown my love!
" My choice of *Byr-n*, oh! approve,
" And fill us with delight."
She ſaid—The Prieſteſs raiſed the ſpell
Proſtrate the pair together *fell*,
And ſolemnized the rite.

D——y, with eyes that beam'd deſire,
Geſtures that ſet the ſoul on fire,
And words that pierc'd the heart.----
" Goddeſs!" ſaid ſhe, " exert thy pow'r,
" And, in this bleſt auſpicious hour,
" Thy influence impart.

† *Byr-n leads me.*] It is a happy circumſtance that this young gentleman's affection is as ardent as the lady's, and there are *three thouſand weighty* reaſons to believe it will continue ſo.

" Send

" Send all thy tremors—all thy thrills,—
" Send all the magic balm that fills
" The breaſt of raptured love;
" The quick-drawn breath—the quiv'ring ſigh,
" The dying gaſp, and all the joy
" That hearts ingrafted prove.

" Well doſt thou know how oft, and long,
" I've join'd in the enamoured throng
" That tread this hallow'd place:
" With * various Vot'ries I appear;
" With various ſtrains to greet thy ear;
" Unconſcious of diſgrace.

" For let not mortals dare to ſay,
" That, not to leave the thorny way
" Of virtue, is a praiſe;
" I vow that ſhe alone has worth,
" Who makes a heav'n of the earth,
" And ſcorns what cuſtom ſays.

* *With various Vot'ries.*] It would be *anticipation* to recount the various anecdotes of this Lady's *Voyage d'Amour*, ſince they are about to be publiſhed in parliament, and as I have not the ſame object in view—the ſame cauſe to *tickle* and ſpur on my imagination that the author of a late pamphlet had—as I do not, in ſhort, want a place—I do not care to copy his example in *anticipating* DOCTORS COMMONS, or any other COMMON HOUSE whatever—In this caſe it would be ſuperfluous cruelty.

" Then,

" Then, Goddeſs! deign to bleſs thy ſlaves;
" DORS—T thy favour juſtly craves,
" For none exceeds in merit:
" Oft, in the boſom of the grove,
" That girds this hallow'd dome, I prove
" His pith—his fire—and ſpirit." *

Thrice did the prieſteſs wave her hand,
And, with th' enchantment of her wand,
They ſunk in the embrace;
And while the incenſe blazed on high,
From the ſurrounding throng,—a cry
Of rapture filled the place.

The youthful *Dutcheſs*, tim'rous, pale,
Like Muſidora in the gale,
Stood trembling at the altar:
A thouſand graces play around,
They catch—they intercept the ſound,
And make the accents faulter.

* *His pith—his fire and ſpirit.*] Never were the *Ton* more deceived than in this nobleman.—It was conjectured, nay it was ſaid,
" Long ſhall the callous Duke eſcape
" The roſeate lip—the tempting ſhape."
But this aſperſion he has clearly done away, and never was there a truer, or a more conſtant ſwain—Let no babbler dare to ſay, that the terror of a B—— is a Bulwark to the S——, and that to eſcape the threatened fury of the one, he is conſtant to the profered love of the other. It is no ſuch thing.

Timid—abaſh'd, ſhe quick recedes—
She flies—nor taunt—nor wile ſhe heeds,
Reproach, nor laugh, nor jeſt.—
Before her injur'd Lord ſhe bends; *
Her injur'd Lord and ſhe are friends—
He claſps her to his breaſt.

Crown'd with a ſprig of lawleſs vine,
S——n approach'd the ſmoaking ſhrine,
In eager melting mood.
She ſwore, the freedom of her ſoul
No Huſband's guidance ſhould controul, †
No paſſion be ſubdued.

* *She bends.*] This anecdote does the greateſt credit to the lady's heart—Driven, for a while, along the torrent of faſhionable folly, ſhe ventured herſelf into the ſnares of diſſipation, and ſhe was nearly entangled in the toils that artifice and vice had planted round her—She underwent the jury ordeal of temptation, and was come to the verge of a criminating and a fatal Abyſs—when virtue ſnatched her beauteous favourite from the danger, and reſtored her to the tranquil repoſe of innocence.—In the morning of a rioting night, ſhe fell upon her knees before the duke—implored forgiveneſs and received it.

† *No huſband's guidance ſhall controul.*] Who could have fancied that under ſo ſweet and feminine a face a heart ſo manly ſhould be concealed—It requires only wantonneſs to ſin in ſecret, but it calls for reſolution to avow it.—Who would believe that to the character of Lady Townly ſhe ſhould ſo ſucceſsfully have added that of Mrs. Frail.

Of

Of love, and mirth, ſhe'd take her fill,
Drive, in the whirlwind of her will,
Each obſtacle before her:—
She prayed the QUEEN, from ill to ſhield
The proſelyte, that came to yield
To all that would adore her.

With unaſſuming, artleſs mien,
G—— addreſt the lovely QUEEN,
With words of feather'd ſnow;
They broke on the attentive ear,
As Zephyr ſtrikes the vernal year—
The roſes as they blow.

" Ne'er ſhall I forget the hour,
" When to the lone, ſequeſter'd bow'r,
" To * meet my love I ſtole;
" Soon did the *ſhaft* of *Love* prevail,
" I *hung* on the extatic *tale*
" That *pierced* me to the ſoul.

* *To meet my love.*] This anecdote was moſt artfully managed although it tranſpired. A chair was ſeen one night to direct its courſe from the Pantheon to a temple of convenient reſort.—Jack T—— followed it in another—They were houſed, and the ſtory took wing—But what will not ſtratagem accompliſh when oppoſed to ſimple honeſty.—The M—— was ſatisfied, and the pair were bleſt.

Oh

" Oh grant again the am'rous bliſs—
" The frantic, joyous, mad diſtreſs,
" The tumult of deſire!"
A fluſh o'erſpread her matchleſs charms
Diſſolved, ſhe ſunk in T———d's arms,
And ſoon they both expire.

Boyer * and Johnſ—e in her hand;
Fur—y broke from forth the band,
And *proſtrate fell*, at once.
Ill would her paſſion brook delay;
She had not time a word to ſay,
To prove herſelf a dunce.

G———'s † Dutcheſs left connubial bliſs,
The wife's embrace, the mother's kiſs,
To join the revel rout.
F—nl—n conducts the fair;
For ſacrifice they ſtrait prepare;
Amidſt the gen'ral ſhout.

* *Boyer and Johnſ—e in her hond.*] The management of this intrigue is curious—The Lady muſt not appear with the one without the other—Boyer's French Grammar is the Colonel's pimp and procurer—The eaſy huſband appointed his *boſom* friend, the Colonel, to teach the partner of his *boſom* French—A tripartite alliance took place, and they are all *boſom friends*.

† *G———'s Dutcheſs.*] Confined, poor creature, to a winter's adjournment at Rochabers, ſhe will have leiſure to repent, and, with groves of fir ſurrounded,

" Have room for contemplation e'en to madneſs."

A diſmal

A diſmal ſhriek aſſail'd the ear,
From REPUTATION, liſt'ning near,
As FAME flew off the while;
But, plung'd in *Pleaſure*'s myſtic bowl,
The lethargy that whelms the ſoul,
She heard it with a ſmile.

Frantic with the fumes of love,
J——y preſſes on, to prove
The tranſports of her heart;
And, while ſhe heaves the ſhort-lived breath,
Forgets her Lord is ſick to death,
From grief, her crimes impart.

B——y * exclaim'd how ill ſhe ſped,
Fated to the marriage bed
Of impotent diſeaſe:
" I come," ſays ſhe, " to taſte and know
" The bliſs that vigour can beſtow;
" My wild deſires to eaſe."

* *B——y exclaimed.*] This lady has been ſo loud in her complaints ſince ſhe married, that the world would be apt to conceive ſhe was hurried into the ſtate againſt her inclination, or was unacquainted with a fact that ſeems to have given her ſo much diſquiet ſince.—The contrary, however, is well known, for

" Mother Mitchel kindly came
" And warn'd her of the want."

Ver—n conducted by her ſwain,
The gentleſt of the Sylvan train,
Advanced with fond alarms;
Threw off the innocence of truth,
Sunk melting on the royal youth,
And fainted in his arms.

Per—y, with her *Bird* in hand,
With liquid eye, and accents bland,
The Goddeſs next addreſt.
" Grant us thy favour," did ſhe ſay,
" That duly, at thy ſhrine, we may
" Careſs, and be careſt."

Barry—e, with wanton mien,
Fitly ſuited to the ſcene,
Put in her conſtant claim:
Fired with the fervor of her charms,
Ancaſ—r caught her in his arms,
And cool'd their mutual flame.

The *Biſhop's* * *dame*, in pious mind,
Stole, with her *Lyttel—n*, behind,
To

* *The Biſhop's dame.*] It is an old proverb daily verified by experience, " that walls have ears," and never, perhaps, was it more clearly demonſtrated than in the caſe of this amour—True piety ſhuns the light—It ſteals into holes and corners to proſtrate and worſhip the deity

To pay concealed devotion;
The prieſteſs heard the myſtic rite,
And half inſpired the lord with might,
Half granted him his motion.

The pious Lord and Lady ſtrove,
Proſtrate to celebrate their love,
In melting ſacrifice;
And while their frantic longings glow,
His Lordſhip wriggles to and fro,
To make the incenſe riſe.

Although no profit he derives,
Yet ſtill his ſhrivel'd Lordſhip ſtrives
To blaſt each Lady's name;
No tongue ſo well as his deceives,
He ruins firſt, and then he leaves *
The helpleſs fair to ſhame.

deity it adores—So acted the pious pair—In abſence of the Biſhop, the Lord ſtole into the dormitory—His devotion was devout, and his prayer was granted—"Evil communication," they ſay, "cor-"rupts good manners."—O'B—— was Clerk to the ceremony—blabbed the ſecret, (for what ſecret can he keep—*ſave his own*)—and brought diſhonour on the Lord.

* *He ruins firſt, and then he leaves.*] Unfortunate it no doubt is, for finiſhed and profeſſed libertines themſelves, that the infamy of their aſſociation deprives them of many opportunities of purſuing their deſigns—It is enough to conſtitute a tale of ſlander againſt any virtuous woman, to be ſeen but once in the company of a known rake.

While eager, wild and wanton wiles,
" Becks and nods, and wreathed ſmiles"
The lawleſs crew diſplay;
Forth ſprung, with high diſtracted glee,
A young Oxonion with T——,
The young, the wild, the gay.

A few trite high-flown words they ſpeak,
While frenzy glowed in either cheek,
As to the ſhrine they drew.—
And having taſted all the throes
That Venus in her rites beſtows;
For Scotland ſtrait they flew. *

rake. This may have been the caſe with a lady of high rank, whoſe character was butchered ſome months ago—this, however, is not the caſe to which the above line refers. An inſtance of black ingratitude and injuſtice muſt be recorded in this explanatory note—His Lordſhip ſome years ago, accompliſhed the ſeduction of a young female, pure, innocent, and ſimple—In a few months, to the ruin of a good name—the abhorrence of her relations—the diſdain of her acquaintance—and the ignominy of the world, was added the ſhame of a pregnancy. Let it be repeated to him while he lives, if not recorded on his tomb-ſtone, that he left the deſtitute, forlorn creature to periſh in a jail, driven there as ſhe was from neceſſity, and not from extravagance.—She was reſcued from death, to die daily in the horrors of common proſtitution.

* *For Scotland ſtrait they flew.*] The anecdote wants no explanation. The heireſs is flown, and the deed is done; but no one can tell who did it.

Chem-

Chelm—y, with Ell—t, next appear'd;—
Erect and high the torch he rear'd—
The torch of lawleſs love:
And while the couple take the vow,
The prieſteſſes with rev'rence bow,
To ſhew that they approve.

Scott with her coxcomb F—m—g hies,
The hallowed ſhrine devoutly eyes,
And hails the jocund band.
But lo!—there's miſchief in the wind;
For wrinkled Low—n ſteals,
And greets them ſword in hand.*

Great was the din, and loud the roar,
When Jealouſy, with fury tore,
Provoked the hideous fray:
God knows how F—m—g would have ſped,
If, in good time, he had not fled,
"To fight another day."

* *And greets them ſword in hand.*] Juſtly enraged, that the Lady whom he fed ſhould *keep* her favourite under his very noſe—he purſued him one day with a determined reſolution to call him to account. They met at the Lady's lodgings.—He inſtantly preſented him a ſword, but the Baronet was not a maſter of defence—He had a piſtol at his ſervice, but it was not agreeable. The enraged Scotchman called him a p——n, and told him if ever he found him there again, he would kick him out of doors. The Baronet made his eſcape, and in the T. and C. Magazine has pretended that he has Miſs N—— in his ſervice.—Pitiful fellow!

Spite of what Cenſure's tongue might ſay,
L——r ſlily came, to pay
Obedience to her paſſion;
Drove heedleſs with the reſt along,
A victim to the rage of *ton*,
A proſelyte of faſhion.

Fired with the hallow'd rites divine,
Young *H—li—x* approach'd the ſhrine,
With leering wanton pace.
Her ſing-ſong lover ſtanding near,
Quaver'd ſome nonſenſe in her ear,
And ſunk in her embrace.

Harr-gt-n with heat oppreſt,
Sunk, panting, on her P—re's breaſt,
And ſwoon'd upon the kiſs:
T——— with lab'ring frenzy fired,
Thrill'd—fell—and ſoon expired,
Diſſolved in liquid bliſs.

And now a thouſand claimants vie;—
The throng---the tumult rages high,
All eager for the rite;
A—r, G—r, O— and L—,
And more than Argus eyes could tell,
Conteſt for the delight.

Tu-

Tumultuous paſſion, long ſuppreſs'd,
Burſt forth reſiſtleſs from the breaſt,
And clamours intervene:
A thouſand females *proſtrate lie*;
A thouſand *things* aſſail the eye;
And chace us from the ſcene.

FINIS.

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AND

Addreſſed to KITT FREDERICK,

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——————————I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back: but pleaſed I ſoon return'd;
Pleas'd, it return'd as ſoon; with anſwering looks
Of ſympathy and love. MILTON.

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